The Orangeburg Times.

An Independent Paper Devoted to the Interests of the People.

VOLUME III. ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1875. NUMBER 50.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

[The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have met with. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell "My Boast is in the Glorious Cross of Christ." The words in Italics, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:]

Make known the Gospel-truths, *our* Father king,
Yield up thy grace, dear *Father*, from above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for-*ever* God of Love?"
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ we pray,
Since the bright prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be*-ing, first a man, *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice,
Now labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice,
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry,
Enemies of *thy*-self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will* we live *for* vanity,
Loathing thy *be*-ing, *evil* in design.
Oh God, thy will be *done*, *from* earth to heaven;
Reclining *on* the Gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven.
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven*; in *us* hope we can flow.
O *give* us grace and *lead* us in thy ways;
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace,
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
Oh grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease,
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do.
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame,
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us too,
Recurrent lusts, *and* we'll adore thy name,
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy Son *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

THE SNUFF-COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely knew how it happened, but a timber must have fell and struck me on the head.

The first thing that I realized after it was that I was straight and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so. I concluded that I must be in some very tight dark place, for I could not see; in fact I soon learned that, tho' perfectly conscious, I could do nothing but hear. A door opened and footsteps approached; but I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones, the father of my wife that was to be—said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I knew to be the village undertaker, Hopkins by name, lightly:

"Better looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? Take on much?"

"Oh, no, she had her eye on another fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, excepting the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben. only he didn't know much, and was about the homeliest man I ever knew. Such a mouth: why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow knife, plate, and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins," he'll never open his mouth again;" and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead, or they thought I was, which was all the same to the greedy pocket of the undertaker. I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. But that man actually whistled a subdued dancing-tune while he measured me, and it seemed to me that three or four icicles were rolling down my back, to the music of his whistle.

His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, which were not particularly comforting, although I had often heard it remarked, that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I had ever had to try it.

An hour must have passed when the door again opened, and two persons came whispering along to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ear.

"I dread to look at him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he must be frightful dead."

I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow, and expressive mouth; and how that she often declared that if I were taken away from her she would surely pine away and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I know they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew he was that "other fellow," whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, 'Rusha," remarked Bob, meditatively.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he had lived I should have married him, because he was rich, and father wanted me to: but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I knew I should always be ashamed of him, he looked so much like a baboon.

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No, I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago upon one who never returned my love;" and my fast-fading idol sighed heavily.

They had covered my face by this time, and were standing a few steps from where I lay.

"About how long ago, 'Rusha?" asked Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes, some're near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I—"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith!" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gushing sort of way.

"Mine own Jerusha!" remarked Bob.

Then I heard a subdued rush, accompanied by violent lip explosions. I tried to kick, or grate my teeth, or do something to relieve my outraged feeling, but not a kick nor a grate could I raise. It was an awful fire to be in, but I had to stand it, or lay it, so I laid still and let 'em alone until they got tired of it, and then they went out, and I was again left to my own pleasant reflections.

Night came, and so did a lot of young fellows with their girls, to sit up with me; and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age until morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say that I was to be buried that day at two o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began arranging for the funeral.

"'Rusha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's; of course he will never have any more use for clothes, so just put them away among your carpet-rags; they'll make a splendid stripe."

Now that particular suit of clothes was just the neatest one I ever owned, arm-holes, wristbands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them for stripes in a rag-carpet. They kept on talking as they swept, dusted and cleaned up the room.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha, cheerfully; "and as soon as we are married we shall go to housekeeping in that little cottage close to the road. Now I must get my carpet done just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we could ask old Mother Smith about coloring yellow; she's sure to be here today."

I was getting very mad now, indeed. I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone. Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I laid there, outwardly as quietly as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not have held out against the loss of that suit. With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed. Jerusha dropped my clothes and her mother the duster, and both fled from the room and the house, never stopping till they reached Dr. Brown's, across the street. With difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came peering cautiously into the room. I sat on my board and looked at them. Such a scared-looking crowd was enough to amuse an owl, so I laughed; I knew it was unbecoming, but I couldn't have helped it if they had chucked me into my coffin—which the undertaker was just carrying past the window—and buried me the next minute. I laughed till I jarred the chair out from under one end of the board, and down I went with a crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying rather dubiously:

"So you are not dead yet, Ben?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I replied, "sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad, rather—that is—ahem!"

"Fooled out of that snuff-colored stripe!" I thought, as I looked at Jerusha.

"Go and speak with him," said her father, in a staid whisper. "He's got the stamps, and you had better marry him after all."

They began to gather around me and congratulate me on my escape. I noticed that they cried a great deal more now than when I was dead. Jerusha came and hung around my neck, sniveling desperately. I gave her a not over-gentle push, and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before she set her heart on my old clothes.

I 'O, am so glad!" she said sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes—"that you are not dead, Benny, dear. My heart seemed all withered and broken to see you lying all cold and white. I wept bitterly over your pale face, my beloved."

"Yes," I replied, "I heard you and Bob taking on terribly. It was a lucky die for me."

"Could you hear?" she gasped.

"I rather think I could, some," I replied.

She looked toward the door, but it was crowded full, so she made a dive for the open window, and went through it like a deer. She shut herself up in the smoke-house, and would not come out until after I had left the house.

Bob would not fill his promise of marriage with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.

While I am writing, my wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

Men We Don't Want to Meet.

The man who grunts and gasps as he gobbles up the soup, and at every other mouthful seems threatened with a choking fit.

The man who, having by an accident been thrown once in your company, makes bold to brawl your name out, and to shake your hand profusely when you pass him in the street.

The man who artfully provokes you to play a game of billards with him, and, though he feigns to be a novice, produces his own chalk.

The man who can't sit at your table on any set occasion without getting on his legs to propose some stupid toast.

The man who, thinking you are musical, bores you with his notions on the music of the future, of which you know as little as the music of the spheres.

The man who wears a white hat in winter, and smokes a pipe when walking, and accosts you as "old fellow" just as you are hoping to make a good impression on some well-dressed lady friends.

The man who, knowing that your doctor faces him at table, turns the talk so as to set him talking doctor's shop.

The man who, with a look of urgent business, when you are in a hurry, takes you by the button-hole to tell you a bad joke.

The man who, sitting just behind you at the opera, destroys half your enjoyment by humming all the airs.

The man who makes remarks on your personal adornment, asks you where you buy your waistcoats, and what you paid for your dress-boots.

The man who lards his talk with little scraps of French and German after his return from a continental tour.

The man who spoils your pleasure in seeing a new play by applauding in wrong places, and muttering in stage whispers his comments on the plot.

And, to finish with, the man who draws back slightly to appreciate a picture, cooly comes and stands in front of you, and then receding also, treads upon your toes.—*Punch.*

SALT WATER ICE.—The notion generally prevails that when salt water freezes the ice is fresh, and when melted will produce fresh water. Prof. Tyndall states that such is the case in his "Forms of Water." But Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, declares that he was "never able to find sea ice, either eatable when solid or drinkable when thawed—it being invariably too salt." He adds, however, that when his party found ice projecting above the water, and from its appearance indicating that it was a year or more old, it was generally fresh and made good drinking water. His theory explaining the fact is that the salt is not itself congealed, but that a concentrated brine, imprisoned in minute cells, is retained in the solid ice. These cells communicating with the other when the ice is lifted above the general level, the brine is drained off, leaving the mass fresh.

BEFORE taking liberties with a strange dog observe his tail and wait for the wag on.

THE RATE OF INTEREST.

A World of Financial Philosophy for Money Lenders.

The usual rate of interest in the west is ten per cent, and it is generally believed that this is the correct measure of the value of money. If the measure of the value of a commodity is what it will bring, this is true; but if the true measure of value is what the article can be made to yield, it is not true. Experienced capitalists and business men give it as their mature opinion that there is no kind of property as profitable as money loaned at ten per cent.—which is tantamount to saying that the average yield of industries, enterprises and speculations is less than ten per cent. on the amount invested, or in other words, that money is not really worth ten per cent. There are several considerations that strengthen this conclusion. Money loaned at ten per cent. will double itself in seven and a half years; ten thousand dollars will grow into twenty thousand in that time, and twenty thousand will grow into forty thousand. That the average investments in business ventures and industries will not do this is too well known to need a demonstration. While a hundred men who loan money at ten per cent. compounded, will, with prudent management, double their fortunes in seven and a half years, one hundred men who borrow money at that rate will fall, in spite of all the prudence and foresight they may exercise, to double theirs. So far from it, fifty of them, if not more, will break. There is nothing more clearly established by the experience of business than the fact that a man who conducts his enterprises on borrowed capital—whose only resources, or chief resources, are the products of bills drawn on his shipments will, in four cases out of five, come to bankruptcy, and a farmer who mortgages his farm for half its value to secure money at ten per cent. in hope that its net yield will pay the interest and principal, will, in four cases out of five, be sold out. These plain and well known facts appear to prove that the average annual product of money invested in commerce, speculation, industry and agriculture is not ten per cent., and that, while it may bring that price, it is really not worth it. If all classes of borrowers in the west could be brought to appreciate this important fact, it would be worth millions to this region. There is a world of financial philosophy in it. Nothing is more absurd, and, in the long run, more disastrous than the delusion that a man can get rich by borrowing money to speculate on; it is the secret of four-fifths of the cases of bankruptcy that occur in business and of the sheriff's sales that take place in the country.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Railroads in China.

Two very curious articles have been published by a Shanghai native newspaper, the *Hwei Pao*, protesting against the construction of railways in the Chinese empire. The *Hwei-Pao* is of opinion that the existence of railways in Europe is too recent to admit of a judgment being formed as to their practical utility, and, moreover, that there is not sufficient business in China to render them profitable. The Chinese journal goes on to say that if tea and silk are the principal objects of commerce, and these have hitherto been forwarded to the treaty ports by river steamboats. A substitution of railways for steamboats would not effect any saving in point of time, and could not, therefore, even from the point of view taken by the foreigners themselves, be of any service to China. Admitting that a little time was gained, the Chinese would not be benefitted, for the goods would not be exported more rapidly. Thus the railways would only lead to accumulation in the ports of vast quantities of goods which, as they could not be shipped off all at once, would fall considerably in price." The *Hwei-Pao* also says "The accidents on the railway lines are very numerous, caused by collisions, by the engines or tenders taking fire, by the trains running off the lines, or by the bridges giving way and the trains being precipitated into the rivers below. In other cases the carriages are injured by the great speed at which they are hurried along, and the accidents are so numerous that it is often impossible to ascertain the exact number of dead and wounded. All the foreign journals are full of details concerning these accidents. But, admitting that most of these casualties are preventible, and that the trains follow their regular course, they travel quicker than the thorough-bred horse, and the people walking on the lines would have no time to get out of their way. From this cause alone the number of fatal accidents would be enormous. In all countries where railways exist they are considered a very dangerous mode of locomotion, and beyond those who have very urgent business to transact, no one thinks of using them." This latter statement cannot as yet be accepted in its entirety; but, unfortunately, we have every reason to know that, so far as England is concerned, traveling by railways is a "very dangerous mode of locomotion."

Charge of a Detroit Judge.

A NEW YEAR'S CALLER.

John Robinson made New Year's calls. He called on a saloon-keeper, he called for liquor, called the liquor good, and drank enough to trip him up. Then he called for police, and when the police came he called them liars and such.

"I was having a little fun," he explained, winking at his honor.

"John Robinson, are you aware that this is a very solemn world," said the court, "a world which has ten heartaches to one smile? Don't you know that the grim shadow of grief rests upon every doorstep, and that the tombstones in the cemeteries almost outnumber the trees in the forest? There's wailing in every household, John Robinson—there's grief in every heart. And yet you claim that you were only having a little fun?"

"That's all, your honor—it was a holiday."

"It was sad fun, John Robinson. While all the rest of us were swearing off and making double-back-action resolves while you were lying at the corner of an alley dead drunk. It is five dollars or sixty days, sir, and if this case was before a Chicago police judge he'd make it five hundred dollars or a life sentence."

SOME FIGURING.

"It's the last time!" exclaimed Anthony Hook as he was brought out.

"You've decided to quit, eh?"

"Yes, your honor—yesterday was my last drunk. I've been counting up the cost, and I've made up my mind to live sober and save money after this."

"Anthony Hook, you talk like a man! It does me good to hear a man speak up that way in this day and age. It's like finding a ten-dollar bill while one is pawing over the clothes-basket to discover where the hired girl flung his Sunday boots. Stand right up to your resolution, sir. I've been figuring a little, and I find that if a man will stop drinking liquor, tea and coffee, go barefooted, steal his wood, get trusted for his provisions, cheat the landlord out of his rent, stand up in church to save pew-rent and live economically in other respects, he can save at least $500 per year. Now then, $500 per year for 400 years is $200,000. Just think of that! Without any effort to speak of you can in time be worth $200,000. You may go home, sir!"

FIRST JOKE.

Elizabeth McNamara, a woman fifty years old, got off the first joke of the season when she walked out and announced that it was her first appearance here. Bijah laughed until his spectacles fell off, the clerk grinned like a copper mine, and his honor stopped paring his apple, stuck his knife into the desk, and replied:

"Elizabeth McNamara, the sight of that 'ere front door is not more familiar to me than the fact that you have been here somewhere in the region of forty times. What's the charge, this time?"

"Taken a drap—a bit of a little small drap."

"I've let you off, sent you up, expostulated, pleaded and threatened, and yet you come back here," he said, "I was thinking the other day that if I ever peered over the desk at your freckled nose again, and the charge was drunkenness, I'd have you sawed in two with a cross-cut saw and the pieces split up for kindling-wood!"

"Don't do it, sir—send me up again."

"I shall make it three months."

"I don't care—only don't saw me in twice!" she gasped.

"Well," he said, after pondering over the case, "we've been to $10 expense to get the saw, and Bijah has anticipated great fun, but I'll see what three months will do. Go back and sit down on the stove-hearth until the Black Maria goes up."

COULDN'T STAND IT.

"This is Daniel Casey," said Bijah as he handed out the last man, "and I can tell you why he was drunk."

"Well,"

"Casey wasn't sober!" continued the old janitor.

His honor regarded him for a long time without speaking, but finally said:

"The prisoner can go, and, Bijah, if you ever sit down on this court with another pun like that, and are accidently shot next day, your friends musn't ask me for money to help buy a monument."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE military force in Manitoba consists of 140 officers and eighteen private soldiers, and they talk of discharging ten of the soldiers to even things up.

THE fact that small nickle and copper coinage is very scarce in California was recently explained by a statement that large quantities of three and five cent pieces are annually melted down for the purpose of manufacturing trunk locks.

BY six qualities may a fool be known: Anger without cause; speech without motive; inquiry without an object; putting trust in a stranger; and wanting capability to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

TIMES are hard in Spain, but the national spirit of the people is not crushed by any means. The cry of the masses is: "Bread and bull-fights." No steps of importance have been taken to provide bread, but they have just inaugurated a $300,000 amphitheatre at Madrid for the bull-fighting.

A NUMBER of prominent young men in New Orleans have organized a society under the name of the "Young Men's Monumental Association," having for its object the erection of a monument to the memory of the men who fell in defense of the popular movement of the 14th of September. One thousand dollars have already been subscribed.

A YOKOHAMA correspondent saw European ladies, elegantly dressed in full evening costume, on their way to some dinner party in a baby cart drawn by stout coolies whose only clothing was the tattooing on their backs and breech-cloths, four inches wide. One doesn't mind it after a while, but at first it seems very odd. So it did to see a naked coolie operating a sewing machine.

THE kind of whisky they have in 'Frisco: "After that the cloth was took off, and the liquors war bro't in. And wot liquors they wuz, too! The whisky wuz none o' this yer kind that makes a man feel like sayin': 'I kin lick any man of a gun in the house,' and makes him smash things generally. No, sir. It war the kind that jist makes a man lift his glass gintly, and says: 'Joe, old pard, I'm lookin' at yer.'"

THE word "bonanza" has been freely launched upon the sea of journalism, and is likely to become a household word. A Nevada paper says it is Spanish, and means "fair weather at sea." Applied to mining it means "a body of rich ore." When a Spanish miner strikes a good vain, he replies to the query: "How are you getting on?" in his own language: "Oh, ir en bonanza," which means in American slang: "Oh, we're all hunkeydory!"

FARMERS and dairymen have from time immemorial imagined they knew a cattle disease called "horn ail" or "hollow-horn." Prof. Cressy now tells them it is an old wives' fable. The professor has cut open innumerable horns and found them all hollow. He tells the cow-doctors there is no such disease as "hollow-horn." The cure practiced is to bore into the horn and inject some remedy. This is generally followed by bleeding at the nose, which is supposed to be a symptom of the disease and a sign that the remedy is becoming effective. The professor proves by cattle skulls that the nasal passages are normally connected with the hollows in the horns, and this accounts for the boring and the internal application of the remedy. Horned cattle generally will be glad to hear that the surgery of the gimlet is not necessary to their health, as scarcely any of them ever got through life without being horribly bored.

NORDHOFF says of the communistic societies of the United States: "All the successful communes are composed of what are customarily called 'common people.' You look in vain for highly educated, refined, cultivated, or elegant men or women. They profess no exalted views of humanity or destiny; they are not enthusiasts; they do not speak much of the beautiful with a big B. They are utilitarians. Some do not even like flowers; some reject instrumental music. They build solidly, often of stone; but they care nothing for architectural effects. Art is not known among them; mere beauty and grace are undervalued, even despised. Amusements, too, they do not value; only a few communes have general libraries, and even these are of very limited extent, except, perhaps, the library at Onedia, which is well supplied with new books and newspapers. The Perfectionists also encourage musical and theatrical entertainments, and make amusement so large a part of their lives that they have nearly half a dozen committees to devise and superintend them."